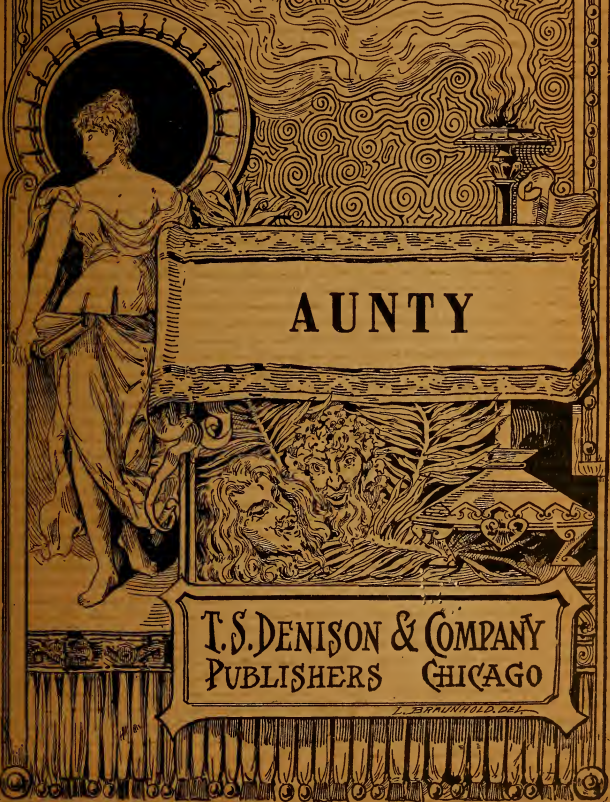
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AUNTY

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Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2	3
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Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.	2	1
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.	2	2
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

AUNTY

A FARCE

BY

JOHN M. FRANCIS



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

AUNTY

PS635
.I9F798

CHARACTERS.

HARRY TOOGOOD *The Husband*
PIERPONT TUCKERMAN SHAW *Aunty*
ETHEL TOOGOOD *The Wife*
MRS. GEORGE JOYNER *The Mother-in-Law*

TIME—*The Present.*

PLACE—*The Toogood Apartment.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*Forty-five Minutes.*

The play was first presented by "The Players" of Troy, N. Y., during the winter of 1910-11. Mrs. E. W. Becker was Mrs. Joyner; Miss Winifred Stone was Mrs. Toogood; George N. Patrick was Toogood and John M. Francis was Shaw.

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STORY OF THE PLAY.

Henry Toogood endeavors to enliven the domestic rut into which he has fallen by "a night off." Next morning he finds he has brought home a guest—a bankrupt theatrical man, who has robbed his company. To deceive his wife he introduces the "friend," disguised as a woman, as "Aunty." Aunty is also introduced to the mother-in-law, Mrs. Joyner, who has made the Toogoods a surprise visit, having been called to town to deliver a suffragette lecture. Aunty pretends to be a believer in that cause. Having worked his way into Mrs. Joyner's confidence, he robs her and escapes, not, however, without being detected by Mrs. Toogood, who also finds out about her husband's fall from grace. Toogood is forgiven and Mrs. Joyner remains undeceived.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

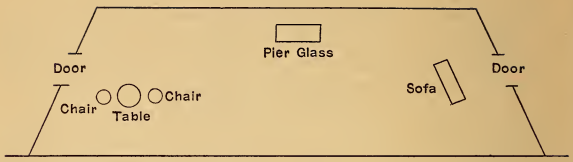
ETHEL TOOGOOD—Pretty and well dressed, about twenty-eight years of age. She wears an attractive gown.

HARRY TOOGOOD—Well dressed business man, about thirty years old.

MRS. GEORGE JOYNER—Stylishly dressed, gray-haired, middle-aged society matron. Her fad is clubs. She has an affected English accent. She makes good use of a lorgnette.

PIERPONT TUCKERMAN SHAW—On his first appearance he should wear a seedy, ill-fitting frock coat, a loud vest, a pair of loud trousers baggy at the knees, a pair of white spats, a well-worn high hat and other make-up peculiar to a down-and-out actor. He should speak in a melodramatic way. He wears a dress on his second appearance and a woman's wig. He should speak in an affected woman's voice.

STAGE SETTING.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THE PROPERTIES.

In addition to those mentioned in description of characters.

Table, two easy chairs, lamp with large shade, sofa, large pier glass, vase, suit case and large, dirty, calling card for Shaw, towel for Harry, flowers for Ethel, bell, pocketbook for Mrs. Joyner. In it are bills and pencil and note paper. Hat and hat pins for Shaw.

AUNTY

SCENE: *The parlor of a handsomely furnished apartment in a big city. There are two entrances: The L., leading off into apartment; the R., leading into hallway and to front door. Two chairs by table at R. C. on which are lamp with large shade and a vase. Sofa at L. Large pier glass at back C. The room can be more elaborately furnished, of course, according to the stage room. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

As curtain goes up SHAW *is discovered asleep on sofa. His suit case is in front of the sofa.*

Enter HARRY, *L. His head is done up in a towel and he shows the effects of the night before. He goes to chair, R. of table. As he talks he puts his hand to his head.*

HARRY. The morning after. Oh, that morning after. (*Groans and sits.*) What a fool I was. Ethel's all right but she is strong on the simple life. The rut got tiresome and last night I escaped, lied about work at the office. (*Starts to laugh but suddenly puts his hand to his head and groans.*) Oh, such a head. Went to the show, met Johnny Burke and we went from place to place. (*Laughs and groans.*) I can't remember where we went after we left Jake Ryan's. The next thing I knew I found myself in my den on the lounge, all dressed. Guess I must have slept and—oh, this thirst. Thank goodness, there's some water. It's for the flowers I know, but that's nothing. (*Picks up vase and drinks.*) Ah, (*sings to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket"*) The Old Silver Vase, The Old Silver Vase, The Old Silver Vase, that stands on the—Ah, (*drinks*) Um! (SHAW *snores and rolls off the lounge and onto suit case.*) What's that? (SHAW *rubs his eyes,*

yawns and gets up.) Well—who—are—you? (*Backs off, C. of stage.*)

SHAW (*dramatic bow and goes toward* HARRY.) Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw, sir, the actor-manager of the Liars Call Company, at your service. (*Searches through his vest pocket.*) My card, sir. My card, sir, giving my full name. (*Extends large, dirty, wrinkled card.*) And your name, sir?

HARRY. Harry Toogood, sir, and I don't want your card. (SHAW *looks at card in disgust and throws it away.*) This is my house. How did you get here?

SHAW. You took me in, sir.

HARRY. I—I took you in?

SHAW. No, sir, I do not mean to imply that you gold-bricked me, sir, for I would not make a pun on your hospitality.

HARRY. A pun on my hospitality?

SHAW. A pun is a lower form of wit, sir, and whatever people say of Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw, sir, they never can in justice accuse him of being a punster. (*Goes toward sofa.*) No, sir; not that, not that.

HARRY. If the fellow—

SHAW. No, I did not jest. I spoke a truth, a solemn fact. You took me in sir.

HARRY. Be kind enough to explain.

SHAW With pleasure, sir. Last night—

HARRY (*hands to head, goes to table and resumes drinking. Back to* SHAW). Oh, last night.

SHAW. After the performance was over I discovered that funds were lacking with which to pay my fellow artists and artistes. It has always been my policy never to play any favorites in my company. There was not enough money to go round. Should I violate my chief precept, I asked myself? No, a thousand times, no, I replied. All, all should be treated alike.

HARRY (*sitting down*). So nobody got anything. (*Laughs and then sobers up. Hands to head.*)

SHAW. 'Twere better so.

HARRY. And so you lit out with the funds?

SHAW (*walks toward* HARRY). Would you have it said that Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw for mere money created a jealousy among the devotees of that profession to which he counts it an honor (*back to sofa*), an honor, sir, to belong? No, no.

HARRY. But didn't the police take a hand?

SHAW. No, sir. I waited not for the horny-handed denizens of the law—I left the theater—

HARRY. With the money?

SHAW (*much astonishment*). Would you have had me leave it? I left the theater, sir, and wandered about the streets frantically.

HARRY. Dodging the police?

SHAW. I sought an alley where I might be alone with my bitter thoughts, far, far from the garish light of yon 'lectric lamp. (*Walks back stage, C.*) As I turned into the alley I stumbled over something and fell. The something groaned. I investigated. I found a man lying prone in the midst of the roadway. His very life was in danger, for at any moment he might have been run over by some passing vehicle. I knew then why instinct had prompted me to turn into that alley. It was—

HARRY. To escape from the police?

SHAW. No, sir. It was to save the life of that man, and that man (*pauses and advances with pointed finger*) was you.

HARRY (*has been laughing during this recital, suddenly sobers*). Me? By George! I seem to remember now. Something about turning into an alley.

SHAW. I shook you.

HARRY. It doesn't look as though you had. You're with me still, and not very still at that.

SHAW. Ah, you mock me. I, your preserver. Ungrateful man. I roused you, explained to you your perilous position. You were so grateful that you asked—invited—yes, even insisted that I never leave you.

HARRY. Was I as drunk as all that?

SHAW. And I promised that I never would. You brought me home and you gave me yon soft and downy couch

(*walks toward sofa*) to rest me weary bones upon. And here I am.

HARRY. I made you promise that you'd never leave me, did I? Well, here's where you break that pledge. (*Goes to door, R., which he opens.*) Go.

SHAW. It can never be said that Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw, sir, once having given his word, ever broke it. (*Sits on sofa.*) I'll stay.

HARRY. You'll stay?

SHAW. The laws of hospitality demand it.

HARRY (*advancing upon* SHAW). This has gone far enough—past a joke. You get out of here. Why, what'll my wife think? I'll call the police. (*Goes front.*)

SHAW (*rising and advancing toward* HARRY). No, you won't call the police.

HARRY. Why?

SHAW. Your wife.

HARRY. My wife?

SHAW. That's just the reason why you won't call the police. You wouldn't want to do that because I should be forced—yes, I, Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw, sir, the actor manager of the Liars Call Company, should be compelled to explain to your wife how I came by my invitation, and then your wife—

HARRY. Gee! If Ethel should hear of that?

SHAW (*crosses to sofa*). Aye. The shoe doth pinch when one is pinched. (*Melodramatic pose with arms crossed at sofa.*)

HARRY (*aside*). I must treat with this man. (*To* SHAW.) Now, see here, Shaw. (*Advances to* SHAW.)

SHAW. Mr. Shaw, if you please.

HARRY. Mr. Shaw, then. We're both in a mess.

SHAW. We're fellow pickles in the same bottle of chow-chow.

HARRY. You are trying to dodge the police.

SHAW. Appearances, I must confess, would so indicate.

HARRY. While I—

SHAW. You are trying to dodge your wife.

HARRY. Yes, if you care to put it in that way. I didn't know what I was doing when I picked you up. I got into this affair when I was maudlin. Now I've got to get out of it myself, and that means that I've got to get you out of it, too, I suppose.

SHAW. Your supposition is entirely correct, sir.

HARRY. Well, then, you've got to help me out.

SHAW (*places hand on* HARRY'S *shoulder*). It can never be said that Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw, sir, ever failed a friend in need.

HARRY. Therefore, we've got to stick together.

SHAW. We'll be liken unto the envelope and the postage stamp so close we will stick.

HARRY. I'll keep you until tonight and then I'll help you to get out of town if you'll keep quiet. Otherwise I'll give you over to the police.

SHAW. A deaf and dumb man will be a village gossip compared to Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw, sir.

HARRY. I don't know what the deuce to do. I can't keep you hid until tonight.

SHAW. When I can shake the dust of this great and ungrateful metropolis from off my shoes.

HARRY. I suppose the police are watching the stations.

SHAW. Trust to Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw, sir. There be such things as disguises, you know. (*Points to dress suit case.*)

HARRY (*laughs*). You're all right, Shaw, old top. (*Slaps* SHAW'*s back hard.* SHAW, *who has been laughing, too, sobers up and rubs back.*) But as for me, it's another matter. Now, there's my wife—(*Telephone bell is heard ringing off right.* HARRY *starts to answer it.* SHAW *is extreme L., listening. Before* HARRY *reaches the door* ETHEL'S *voice is heard, R.*)

ETHEL (*off R.*). Hello.

HARRY (*crossing to* SHAW). My wife. (SHAW *and* HARRY *stand frightened, L.*)

ETHEL (*off R.*). Yes, this is Mrs. Toogood. Why, how do you do? This is a surprise. Come right along. We'll be so glad—

HARRY. What the deuce am I to do?

SHAW (*rushing to sofa and grabbing suit case*). Hide me away long enough to put on my disguise and then introduce me.

HARRY. Good! Pierp, you're all right. That room there. (*Rushes* SHAW *through L. door. Closes door.*)

Enter ETHEL, *R., with flowers. She goes to table and is placing flowers in vase.* HARRY *is smiling nervously, back to door L.*

ETHEL. Good morning, Harry. I've just heard from—why, Harry, what a funny thing to wear around your head.

HARRY (*aside, soberly*). The towel. I had forgotten. (*Back to door and laughing at* ETHEL.) You see, Ethel, I was—was—why, I was playing, Ethel. Yes, I was playing.

ETHEL. Playing?

HARRY. Yes, I was going back to my childhood's happy days. Oh, those were the days when we were happy.

ETHEL (*crosses to* HARRY, *who goes toward sofa*). Why, Harry, what's the matter?

HARRY. Ethel, dear, I've been very busy lately and my head—yes, my head has been bothering me.

ETHEL. You poor boy. You've had headaches?

HARRY. Yes, Ethel, severe headaches.

ETHEL (*taking him to sofa*). Now, you sit right down there, dear. (HARRY *sits.*) I have the finest remedy for headaches. It's—it's (*backs off R.*) in the medicine chest in the guest room. I'll get it. (*Starts toward L. door.*)

HARRY (*before her*). No, no, Ethel; don't bother. (*Pushes her back C.*)

ETHEL. Why, it's no bother.

HARRY. No, don't trouble yourself. I dislike medicine and pills. Ugh!

ETHEL. You used to take so many different kinds of medicine.

HARRY. That's just the point. Too many cooks spoil the broth; too many medicines spoil the health. Good phrase. Hey? Ha, ha, ha.

ETHEL. You act so queerly.

HARRY (*leads her front, R., patting her hand*). That's just it. The medicines are having a retroactive effect. Now, as I was telling you, I read yesterday that we were prone to eat too much drug and that if we could forget ourselves and return to our childish ways we would not need so many drugs. Sounds all right, doesn't it?

ETHEL (*doubtfully*). Yes.

HARRY. So just before you came in I had tied my head up in this towel and was starting to play Indian.

ETHEL. That's childish enough.

HARRY. Yes. And do you know, I'm beginning to feel better already. You'll help me, won't you?

ETHEL. I will; only take that towel off from your head. It makes you look (HARRY *removes towel.*) as though you had been on a spree last night.

HARRY. Hey?

ETHEL. And you never have been, have you, Harry? (*Going to* HARRY.)

HARRY (*shaking head and looking at her with injured innocence*). Oh, dear, no. Never. (*They embrace. Aside, as he stuffs towel into trousers pocket.*) This childhood's happy days scheme appears to be letting me out.

ETHEL. There, that looks better. Now, what shall we play?

HARRY. Indians hunting the deer. I'll be the Indians and you'll be the deer, dear. (*Ogles* ETHEL.)

ETHEL (*laughing*). You silly boy, to make such a pun. What do you want me to do. This is so silly.

HARRY. You stand here. (*Places* ETHEL *beside table*) and I'll stalk you. (*Dodges behind sofa.*)

ETHEL. This is absurd. Two grown up people—

HARRY (*shading eyes*). Ah, I see a stage coach. I'll rob that. (*Rushes to R. door, yelling.*)

At this point enter, R., MRS. GEORGE JOYNER. *She screams and attempts to retreat. She carries a large hand-bag.*

HARRY (*grasping* MRS. JOYNER'S *hand and pulling her back, C.*). Mother.

ETHEL. Mother. (*Goes to* MRS. JOYNER *and they kiss. She takes* MRS. JOYNER *in chair L. of table.*)

MRS. J. Why, Harry, you gave me such a fright. What's the matter?

HARRY (*winking at* ETHEL, *who is standing back of table*). I was so glad to see you I could not suppress my joy, so I shouted.

MRS. J. I should say you did.

HARRY. But this visit? Your coming here was such a surprise?

ETHEL. I was just going to explain that—(*sits chair R. of table.*)

MRS. J. I telephoned Ethel that I was coming.

ETHEL. Yes, and I was so worried about Harry's headache I quite forgot to tell him. But, mother, dear, what brings you to town?

HARRY (*seated in sofa*). Yes, to what do we owe the pleasure of this unexpected visit? It's such a delightful surprise. (HARRY *smirks on* MRS. JOYNER.)

MRS. J. (*sentimentally*). Oh, Harry, you are always saying such nice things, even to your mother-in-law.

HARRY. The truth will out.

ETHEL. Do you wonder that I am proud of him, mother?

MRS. J. He's a model husband.

HARRY. Really, mother, you embarrass me. But tell us about your visit here. (*Aside and looking at L. door.*) What shall I do with Shaw?

MRS. J. I'm very much interested in the cause of woman's suffrage.

ETHEL. Why, mother, I thought it was domestic science.

MRS. J. It used to be.

HARRY. You were so enthusiastic about that.

MRS. J. Yes, domestic science had its charms.

HARRY. And before that wasn't it physical culture?

ETHEL. Yes, and before that wasn't it—

MRS. J. Yes, I know, but this is an age of advancement and we must keep abreast of the times.

HARRY (*aside and looking towards the L. door*). What's Shaw doing, I wonder?

MRS. J. And the modern woman must not confine her efforts to the home circle exclusively. George is in politics. Why should not I, his wife, be?

ETHEL. So you have become a suffragist?

MRS. J. A suffragette, my dear.

HARRY. What's the difference?

MRS. J. The difference is this. A suffragist takes tea and talks, while a suffragette—

HARRY (*laughing*). Smashes things.

MRS. J. (*indignantly*). Not exactly that; we demand our rights. (HARRY'S *laugh freezes away.*)

ETHEL. Like Mrs. Moneybanks?

MRS. J. Yes, Sister Moneybanks is the leader in our great cause. I'm here to tell a suffragette meeting this afternoon how our cause has prospered at home. I was called here unexpectedly and I didn't have the chance to let you know by letter of my visit, so I thought I'd walk right in and surprise you.

ETHEL. You have. How's father, mother?

MRS. J. Really, I don't know. I haven't seen him for the past month.

HARRY AND ETHEL. For the past month!

MRS. J. No. My civic duties have given me but little time for home life. George is very busy, too. He is to be a candidate for Mayor next fall and I hope to have the pleasure of voting for him.

ETHEL. Come, mother, take off your wraps. You can put them right in this room. (*Going toward door, L.*)

HARRY (*hurdles sofa and rushes to door before them*). No, not there.

ETHEL. Why?

HARRY. Why, it's—it's—it's not the proper place for mother.

MRS. J. Not the proper place for me. (*Comes front much mystified.*)

ETHEL. Harry Toogood, are you crazy? He's been acting queerly all morning, mother. Don't mind him. Come. (*Starts toward L. door.*)

HARRY. No, the room is draughty. Yes, it's draughty. (*Aside.*) I can't hold this position much longer. (*Aloud.*) And, Mrs. Joyner, you surely wouldn't want to catch cold, would you?

MRS. J. No, but—

HARRY (*going toward her*). And you might catch cold if you got in that draught. A cold would not be good for your voice and you might not be able to speak at the meeting this afternoon. (*Aside.*) A bright idea.

ETHEL. Why, Harry, the room is not draughty. Come, mother.

HARRY. And besides, the room is occupied.

ETHEL AND MRS. J. Occupied?

HARRY. Yes, it's taken. There's someone in it already. (*Aside.*) Now it's all off.

ETHEL. Someone. Who?

HARRY. You see—that is to say—I forgot—

ETHEL. Well?

HARRY. Why (*silly laugh*), I forgot—I was going to tell—

MRS. J. (*aside, to* ETHEL). Is Harry crazy?

ETHEL. He acts as if he were.

HARRY (*aside*). I must give in. (*Aloud.*) The fact is, I have a surprise for you. Somebody arrived this morning to visit us.

ETHEL. To visit us?

HARRY. Oh, you'll be surprised when you learn who it is. Guess. (*Aside.*) That will delay things a little.

ETHEL. Is it a friend of yours or mine?

HARRY. That would be telling.

MRS. J. Old or young?

HARRY. That depends. Age is only relative. (*Aside.*) What'll I do after this guessing contest is over?

ETHEL. Is it a man or a woman?

HARRY. It might be either. (*Aside.*) Oh, Shaw, hurry.

ETHEL. I give up.

MRS. J. So do I.

HARRY (*aside*). So do I.

MRS. J. Really, Ethel, Harry has quite aroused my curiosity.

HARRY (*aside*). Now, it's all over. (*Aloud.*) Well (*nervous laugh*) it's—it's—

MRS. J. AND ETHEL. Who?

HARRY. It's—

L. door opens, enter SHAW, *dressed in woman's clothes with a woman's wig on.*

HARRY. It's—

SHAW. Aunty!! (*All look in surprise.*)

HARRY (*looking around and discovering* SHAW. *Aside.*) The dickens.

ETHEL. Aunty?

MRS. J. (*to* ETHEL). I thought you told me that Harry had no relatives.

ETHEL. He did.

HARRY. Yes, Aunty Agatha—

SHAW. Moneybanks.

HARRY (*aside*). What nerve.

SHAW. And is this my niece?

HARRY. Yes, Aunty, this is my wife, Ethel.

SHAW. Oh, my dear child, I'm so happy. I'm going right over there to kiss you.

HARRY (*aside to* SHAW, *as he goes toward* ETHEL). Kiss her and this kisses you. (*Holds fist to* SHAW.)

ETHEL (*crossing to* SHAW). We're so glad to meet you. (*Holds up mouth to be kissed.* SHAW *looks at* HARRY, *then at* ETHEL, *then at* HARRY, *then shakes hands.*) Aren't you going to kiss me?

SHAW. No, dear child. I have a sore throat; tonsilitis, they say. (ETHEL *draws back.*) I caught cold, and—

HARRY (*extreme L., to* MRS. J. *and* ETHEL). You remember I told you the room was draughty.

SHAW. Yes, the wind whistled through the closet and I stood in the draught.

MRS. J. (*to* ETHEL). I'm glad I didn't go in there. I'm very susceptible to colds. Please introduce me.

ETHEL. O, excuse me, Mrs. Moneybanks— (SHAW *is talking to* HARRY *and doesn't recognize his name.*) Mrs. Moneybanks, I—(HARRY *nudges* SHAW.)

SHAW. Hey? O, what? (*Goes to* ETHEL.) My dear, pardon me, I was so busy talking with Charlie—

HARRY (*punching* SHAW'S *back and hissing*). Harry, you fool.

SHAW. Harry, you fool. I mean Harry—that I did not hear you.

ETHEL. I was just presenting my mother, Mrs. Joyner. (SHAW *crosses to* MRS. J., *affected handshake.*)

MRS. J. (*extending hand*). Mrs. Moneybanks, I—

SHAW. Miss Moneybanks, Miss (*spells*) M-i-s-s, Miss. Miss Agatha Moneybanks. I never could bear to support a man. (*Both sit at table;* SHAW *L. and* MRS. J. *R.* HARRY *and* ETHEL *on sofa*—HARRY *explaining about aunt.*)

MRS. J. I half believe you're right, Miss Moneybanks. But your name has a familiar sound. Are you any relation of the peerless suffragette leader?

SHAW. O, yes, we're cousins, second cousins—er, twice removed. I've never met her. But your name is also familiar to me. You're not—

MRS. J. Mrs. George Joyner? Yes.

SHAW. Really. Not Mrs. George Joyner? The Mrs. Joyner. The—

MRS. J. Suffragette. O, yes. I flatter myself that I have been of some use to the cause of woman.

SHAW. You do not flatter yourself; you state the truth.

MRS. J. Do you believe in the same noble policy that your cousin believes in?

SHAW (*absent mindedly*). What policy?

MRS. J. The cause of woman's suffrage?

SHAW. With all my heart. My cousin and I frequently consult each other—er—by letter.

MRS. J. O, how interesting. What a jolly little chat we will have, but first let me take off this hat. It is so

heavy. (*Rising.*) Ethel, where can I take off this veil and hat?

Shaw (*rising*). Pray, use my room.

Harry (*aside*). His nerve, it's of iron.

Ethel. But the draught?

Mrs. J. I'm afraid of catching cold.

Shaw. O, that's all right. The draught came from the closet and I've closed the door.

Harry (*aside*). Hear that Liar's Call.

Mrs. J. Come, Miss Moneybanks. (*Exit L.* Mrs. J. *and* Shaw. *They talk.*)

Ethel. But, Harry, I never knew you had an aunt.

Harry (*rising and crossing*). O, yes, I've an aunt all right; there she is.

Ethel. You never spoke of her.

Harry. No. You see, she's wealthy.

Ethel. Yes, but—

Harry. And eccentric.

Ethel. I see.

Harry (*extending hands*). So there you are.

Ethel. But, Harry, I don't see—

Harry (*going to sofa*). Of course, you don't see.

Ethel. I couldn't—

Harry. You couldn't.

Ethel. Harry Toogood, will you please stop repeating after me like a parrot and tell me why you've never spoken of your aunt?

Harry. Aunty has a lot of money and she's eccentric.

Ethel. So you've said.

Harry. Well, once upon a time (*Aside.*) Good Lord, what'll I say next?

Ethel. Once upon a time, well?

Harry. Yes, once upon a time (*Aside.*) Ah, I have it. (*Aloud.*) my brother—

Ethel. Your brother—Why, Harry Toogood, are you crazy? You never had a brother.

Harry (*aside*). Blame it. (*To Ethel.*) Did I say my brother? I never had a brother. Funny I should have said my brother. I should have said her brother. He told his

cousin that she was coming to visit them and she heard of it, and do you know that she became so angry that he should have mentioned her that she tore up her will and made another cutting him, her own brother, mind you, off without a cent.

ETHEL. Is she as sensitive as that?

HARRY. Oh, yes. You see, she's left each of us a lot of money and we're scared to death she may cut us off so we've never spoken about her.

ETHEL (*crosses to table, sits R.*). I see; silence is golden.

HARRY. Exactly.

ETHEL. Silly, isn't it?

HARRY. But eccentric.

ETHEL (*aside*). This is a very queer story. (*To* HARRY.) Let's see; your aunt is on your mother's or your father's side?

HARRY (*crossing to table*). That's just the point. He—

ETHEL. He?

HARRY. I mean she; she is sort of two-sided. Ha, ha, ha.

ETHEL (*aside*). Harry's certainly crazy.

HARRY (*seated L. of table*). My father's great aunt's nephew—

ETHEL (*following*). Your father's great aunt's nephew, yes?

HARRY. Married my mother's second cousin's aunt's uncle. (*Aside.*) Now she's lost.

ETHEL. Married your mother's second—. See here, Harry, that's silly.

HARRY. Silly? Oh, no. Now let me explain. (*Takes chair to back of table, sits down, moves flower vase.*) My second cousin's mother—

ETHEL. Harry Toogood!

HARRY. I mean my mother's second cousin's aunt's uncle married—(*Aside.*) Who the deuce was it?

ETHEL. But, Harry, how could it be? A nephew marrying an uncle?

HARRY. I don't know how it was, but that was it.

ETHEL. Absurd.

HARRY. I told you she was eccentric.

ETHEL. But, Harry, think. A man can't marry a man.

HARRY. Of course not. (*Aside.*) I'm a blamed fool. (*Rises, puts chair back and crosses to C. To* ETHEL.) Who said he could?

ETHEL. You did.

HARRY. Pardon me—

ETHEL. Why, Harry, you did. You said that your—. Oh, I've forgotten the relationship—

HARRY (*aside*). She's lost in the ancestral woods now all right.

ETHEL. But you've said it.

HARRY. It's too silly to admit of an argument, so we won't quarrel. There was a marriage and Aunty is the result. You see?

ETHEL (*aside*). I don't see, but I'll find out pretty quick. There's something wrong here. (*To* HARRY). It seems to me that your aunt's feet—

HARRY (*rushing to her and leading her R.*) Sh! She'll hear. They're a sensitive subject with her.

ETHEL. And her voice is so heavy.

HARRY. That's due to the cold she caught in that room. Hush! She'll hear you.

ETHEL. And her hands— (*They are in front of table.*)

Enter MRS. JOYNER *and* SHAW, *L. They go to sofa and sit down.*

MRS. J. No, they're not stylish at all this winter.

SHAW. Dear me, how we poor women are put to it trying to keep pace with the fashions. Really, my last year's jabot is quite out of date. It must have bigger sleeves this year.

ETHEL (*aside*). A jabot. (*Imitates the wrong pronunciation of* SHAW.) And with sleeves. There's something wrong.

SHAW. And do you know my puffs—Why, Edward—

HARRY. Harry, you mean, Aunty. (*Aside.*) The obsent-minded fool.

SHAW. Yes, Harry. Dear me, the names of my nephews and my nieces do confuse me so. I didn't realize that you

were here. (*To* MRS. J.) Wouldn't it have been shocking if I had spoken before Andrew—I mean Harry—about my puffs. (*Silly giggle.*)

MRS. J. (*to* SHAW). Oh, Harry doesn't count. He's married. (*To* ETHEL *and* HARRY). Children, Mrs. Money-well—

SHAW. Miss Moneybanks, if you please, Mrs. Middle-man.

MRS. J. Mrs. Joyner, if you please, Miss Moneybanks.

SHAW. Pardon me, Mrs. Joyner, names are so confusing.

MRS. J. Children, Miss Moneybanks and I are having the most delightful conference about the cause; would you be so kind as to leave us? (*Crosses to table.*) We have some weighty matters to discuss.

BOTH. Certainly, mother.

SHAW. Yes, children, we have most important things to talk over together. (SHAW *crosses on this speech. As he does so he raises his skirt so that his trousers can be plainly seen in the pier glass in the rear.*)

HARRY (*as he passes* SHAW). Oh, you—

SHAW (*turning and waving hand at* HARRY). Fade away, little boy. (*Exit* HARRY, *L.*)

ETHEL (*sees* SHAW *lift his skirt and sees his trousers as she looks in the pier glass. She stops, looks towards glass, then at audience, then at* SHAW, *who is busily talking with* MRS. J. *at table.*) Why, Aunty's wearing trousers. (*Looks at door.*) Oh, Harry Toogood, I'll sift this matter to the bottom and then I'll make you confess. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. J. Oh, yes, Miss Moneybanks, we have long been under the yoke of men.

SHAW. We are no better than oxen, Mrs. Joy—killer.

MRS. J. Mrs. Joyner, Mrs. George Joyner.

SHAW. Mrs. Joyner. We are but drudges.

MRS. J. We are entitled to equal rights with men.

SHAW (*clapping*). Bravo! Bravo!

MRS. J. Nature has endowed us with the same brains, the same talents, the same abilities as man.

SHAW (*rising and crossing to sofa*). We are the mother of the race.

MRS. J. (*rising*). We are entitled to franchise.

SHAW. We must have it.

MRS. J. We have long been denied it; but have it we will.

SHAW. We will.

MRS. J. Since persuasion has failed (*crosses threateningly to* SHAW) we must use compulsion.

SHAW (*jumping away, R. Aside.*) I'll bet she can use compulsion. How I'd like to be Joy-what's-his-name. Nix for mine.

MRS. J. (*at R. C.*). Oh, for the privilege of casting a vote.

SHAW (*advancing to her*). It is a privilege.

MRS. J. You speak as though you had exercised it. (*Suddenly.*) Is—it—possible—that—you—have—voted?

SHAW (*putting on airs*). Oh, yes.

MRS. J. Really?

SHAW. Oh, yes, often. (*Aside*). I used to be a repeater before I reformed and went on the stage. (*To* MRS. J.) Have I ever voted? Dear me, suds, yes.

MRS. J. How often?

SHAW. Seven times in one day. I would have voted eight only I was arrested.

MRS. J. You were arrested?

SHAW. I have had that honor.

MRS. J. And been sent to jail?

SHAW. Oh, yes, I have—(*looks suddenly around and placing his fingers on his lips, approaches* MRS. J. *mysteriously*). Sh! Sh! Is there anyone in this room?

MRS. J. (*looks around and in whisper*). No, there is not.

SHAW (*stage whisper*). Do you see this? (*Points to jabot.*)

MRS. J. (*looking*). Yes.

SHAW. It's my badge. I'm a Toonew. (*Turns and walks R. as if he had made startling announcement, leaving* MRS. J. *standing completely mystified.*)

MRS. J. A Toonew?

SHAW (*turning suddenly*). Yes, a Toonew, so. (*Makes gestures.*) What, can it be true? Have I—tell me, woman. Is it possible that you have never heard of the order of the Toonew? What sort of a suffragette are you? Or are you a suffragette at all?

MRS. J. (*impressed*). I am a suffragette, but I've never heard of the order of the Toonew.

SHAW (*advancing mysteriously, looking around*). Listen. Would a secret intrusted to you be as safe as money deposited in a bank?

MRS. J. You may trust me implicitly.

SHAW. Know, then, that the order of the Toonew is composed of suffragettes of the most violent sort. We permit no interference in our affairs and our work is conducted with the greatest secrecy. Our order is known only to its members. We are sent hither and thither and tither at the order of the Grand Fargu without a moment's notice.

MRS. J. How noble.

SHAW. We give ourselves to the good of womankind.

MRS. J. How I wish that I might join that order.

SHAW (*aside*). Here's where I make a stake. (*To* MRS. J.) I shall be glad to present your name at the next meeting of the Singwell.

MRS. J. How can I ever thank you?

SHAW. I shall be glad to give this matter my personal attention.

MRS. J. So great an honor.

SHAW (*aside*). It's like taking money away from children. (*To* MRS. J.) But the application must be accompanied by a slight—er—evidence of good faith.

MRS. J. You may tell the—the—what did you say the name was of that body to which you were going to present my name?

SHAW. What did I say the name was?

MRS. J. Yes, I've forgotten.

SHAW. It was—do mean to say you've forgotten? Can't you remember? (*Aside.*) Hanged if I can.

MRS. J. Oh, yes, the Singwell.

SHAW. Right. (*Aside.*) A narrow escape.

MRS. J. You may tell the Singwell that I have all the faith in the world.

SHAW. But you don't understand. (*Aside.*) This is too easy. (*To* MRS. J.) I meant by evidence of good faith, the initiation fee. It's trifling—a mere matter of form, but it must accompany each application.

MRS. J. How much is it?

SHAW. Not much.

MRS. J. Perhaps I've not enough. (*Opens pocketbook.*)

SHAW (*trying to look into pocketbook*). How much have you?

MRS. J. Let's see. (*Pulls out hair pins, etc., with money.*) There's twenty and five and two ones, three tens and two one-hundred. That's two hundred and fifty-seven dollars and fifteen cents. And here's another penny. Sixteen cents.

SHAW. Isn't that singular. That's just exactly the initiation fee. (*Takes money.*) We'll go right over to this table and write your application. (*Business of trying to pocket money and then raising skirt as he goes. Feels in his hair for pencil.*) Have you a pencil?

MRS. J. Here's one and some paper, too.

SHAW. Now, your name, Mrs. Samuel Sorrowfield.

MRS. J. Mrs. Joyner. Mrs. George Joyner.

SHAW. Your age?

MRS. J. Is—is— is that necessary?

SHAW. Must have it. Mere matter of form, you know. They never talk about it. (MRS. J. *whispers in* SHAW'S *ear.* SHAW *aside, as he writes it down.*) Liar.

Re-enter HARRY *and* ETHEL, *L.*

ETHEL. May we come in now?

MRS. J. Yes, Miss Moneybanks and I have had such a delightful chat, haven't we?

SHAW. Yes. It has been most profitable for me.

MRS. J. And me, too.

ETHEL. Luncheon's all ready. Harry, will you please take mother out?

HARRY (*giving his arm to* MRS. J. *as they exit, L.*) Certainly.

SHAW (*aside*). A lunch, a real lunch. (*Starts to follow but* ETHEL *is before him.*)

ETHEL (*aside*). Now for Aunty. (*To* SHAW.) Oh, Aunty, it is so nice to have you with us.

SHAW. My dear child. It is so pleasant to be here with you and Morris.

ETHEL. Morris?

SHAW. I mean Percy.

ETHEL. Percy? You mean Harry.

SHAW. So I do, child. Names, names. They are my beat nore.

ETHEL (*going front toward sofa and aside*). Beat nore. (*Imitates pronunciation.*) Oh, bête noir. (*Laughs.*)

SHAW. The bane of my existence.

ETHEL. We're glad to have you here. Harry tells me that (*turns suddenly and looking him in the eye*) you have lots of money.

SHAW. He tells—why, why, yes, I have lots of money. (*Aside.*) I wonder what he did tell her?

ETHEL. And he says you're eccentric.

SHAW. Oh, yes, I am. (*Aside.*) I wonder if he's peached on me. (ETHEL *has gone to L. door and has locked it.*) Why, what are you going to do?

ETHEL. I'm going to telephone to the police. (*Rushes to R. door.*)

SHAW (*before her*). Don't; please don't.

ETHEL. Then tell me—

SHAW. Anything you want to know.

ETHEL. Tell me everything.

SHAW. How much has Lemuel told you?

ETHEL. That concerns Harry and me. I want your story.

SHAW. Well, I'm pinched, I suppose, so here goes. I am Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw, sir—I mean madam—the actor-manager of the Liars Call Company. Last night I—

ETHEL. Oh, yes, I read the story of the theft in the morning papers.

SHAW. These clothes and this wig I temporarily borrowed from Florence Goodtussle, our leading lady. As I

was seeking some secluded spot in which to dress, I turned into an alley and then ran across what's-his-name?

ETHEL. You mean Harry. What was he doing there?

SHAW. He was drunk, madam, dead drunk.

ETHEL. Harry—drunk? I don't believe it.

SHAW. He was soused to the eyes. I woke him and he brought me here.

(*Knocks heard at L. door.* HARRY'S *voice calling "Ethel."*)

ETHEL. In a moment. (*Telephone bell is heard off R.*) I'm answering the telephone. (*Exits, R.*)

SHAW (*smelling flowers at table*). To wait, or not to wait, that's the question.

ETHEL (*off R.*). Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Toogood's residence. Yes, I'm Mrs. Toogood. What? You say he has been tracked here? The officers will be here in fifteen minutes? Good-bye. (SHAW *has been listening. When he hears that the officers are coming to search the house he rushes off R. after unlocking the door.*)

Enter ETHEL, *R.*

ETHEL. Where is he? (*Rushing L.*)

SHAW *re-entering, L.*

SHAW. Here. (*He carries his suit case. A woman's large picture hat is pinned on one side of his head. Hat pins are in his mouth. At C. he stops, puts down suit case and stands to pin on his hat. Pricks head, etc.*)

ETHEL. You heard?

SHAW. Yes.

ETHEL. I'll give you a chance. Go. (*Points toward R. door.*)

SHAW (*shakes* MRS. TOOGOOD'S *hand.*) Thank you, Mrs. Toogood. You're too good—too good. Well (*picks up bag and courtesies*), I suppose this is where you say good-bye to Aunty. (*Exits, R.*)

ETHEL. Poor fellow. I almost hope he escapes.

HARRY (*heard off L.*). Ethel. Ethel.

ETHEL. Now, Mr. Toogood, here's where you eat humble pie.

Enter HARRY, *L.*

HARRY. Luncheon's getting cold. Why, where's Aunty? (*Crosses R.*)

ETHEL. She's gone.

HARRY. Gone?

ETHEL. Yes, the police just telephoned that they will be here in fifteen minutes for Aunty.

HARRY. The p—p—p—police?

ETHEL. Yes, and they'll arrest you for harboring a criminal, one (*imitating* SHAW) Pierpont Tuckerman Shaw, sir, actor-manager—

HARRY. You know everything?

ETHEL. No, not everything, but I do know much about you. O, Harry, why did you do it? (*Crosses to chair L. of table.*)

HARRY (*getting L. of her*). The truth is I was tired of this simple life that you and I are always boasting about. I wanted excitement. Last night I stole away and got it—got it in big chunks—more than I wanted of it. And I'm sorry, Ethel. I ask your forgiveness. Can you forgive me? (*Kneels.*)

ETHEL (*rising and going L.*). You ask my forgiveness? You have your fling and lie to me and then crawl up to me like a whipped cur and whine out an apology and expect me to forgive you?

HARRY (*following her*). Really, Ethel, I did not mean to. I'm sorry. I'll never do it again. Indeed, I won't.

ETHEL. And that excuses you for making a beast of yourself and for your lie to me—(*advances to* HARRY, *who retreats—they get C.*) to your wife, does it? Just because you're sorry. No, sir, I'll not forgive you. (*Goes to chair L. of table, sits down and cries.*)

HARRY (*crosses to her, pats her back*). There—there, dear. Don't, please. (*Crosses back to R. C.*) Oh, what a fool I've been. (*To* ETHEL.) Ethel, dear, won't you forgive me? (ETHEL *sobs.*) What a price to pay for a fool's impulse. (*Goes toward her.*) For the last time I ask you, Ethel, dear. Oh, don't, don't turn me down now. I'm thoroughly ashamed.

ETHEL. Harry (*they embrace*), I'll accept your apology. And now that confessions are in order I may as well confess myself.

HARRY. You—have—something—to—confess—to—me?

ETHEL (*laughing*). I have also been bored with our much boasted about simple life and desire a change.

HARRY (*rising suddenly*). What do you say to a dinner and theater tonight?

ETHEL. Lovely.

MRS. J. (*heard off L.*). Ethel, I really couldn't wait for you as I must be at the hall at 2 o'clock, so I just sat down and ate my luncheon. I'll put on my hat.

ETHEL. There's mother. How'll we explain about Aunty? We don't want her to know.

HARRY. Leave that to me. I'm a first-rate liar after this morning.

Enter MRS. J., *L., carrying portfolio and wearing hat.*

MRS. J. Where's Miss Moneybanks? I want her to come with me to the meeting?

HARRY. Mother, Aunty was suddenly called away.

ETHEL. Yes, on business.

MRS. J. (*as she goes toward R. door. Aside.*) On a secret mission of the order of the Toonew. Oh, lucky woman! (*Exits, R.*)

ETHEL. And now for lunch. (*Curtain as they exit, R.,* HARRY'S *arm around* ETHEL'S *waist.*)

CURTAIN.

A Daughter of the Desert

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

A comedy-drama of the Arizona Plains, 4 acts; 6 m., 4 f. Time, 2¼ h. **Scenes:** 2 interiors. Easy to set. **Characters:** Harold Morton, a railroad surveyor. Clarence Ogden, a rancher. Samuel Hopkins, a land speculator. Pedro Silvera, a Mexican renegade. Jim Parker, a gambler. Bill Jones, a sure-fire sheriff. Ruth Arlington, a daughter of the desert. Mrs. Mary Ogden, a widow. White Bird, an Apache Indian girl.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Clarence and Lucy have an adventure. "How dare you kiss a helpless girl, sir?" Silvera's charge. Your father was killed by Charles Morton. The avowal of love. Hopkins dotes on custard pies. The Apache outbreak. "If I die, clear my father's name."

Act II.—"It's not my stomach, but my heart, papa." Clarence wounded. The arrest of Morton. White Bird's avowal. "We shall bring the guilty to justice."

Act III.—How Silvera got a scar on the back of his hand. "I put it there with my sticker!" "I am a man of honor and my word is my bond." The rescue of Morton by cowboys. Ruth has the upper hand. Off to the Mexican line.

Act IV.—"My husband ate two lemon pies and died." White Bird clears up the mystery. "Silvera shot him in back." Jones and Parker take a hand in the game. Ruth the richest girl in Arizona. Everybody happy.

The Lonelyville Social Club

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy, 3 acts; 10 f. Time, 1½ h. Exceedingly lively and humorous.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Time hangs heavily on the hands of Mrs. Jack Newly-wed and Magda Peachblow, and they resolve to form a social club. The representative ladies of the village make a 9 o'clock general call.

Act I presents Lonelyville's "four hundred." The stormy session of the benefit society. Gladys is both seen and heard. General confusion.

Act II.—Mrs. Newlywed attempts to form the social club. Mrs. Purse Proud on her track. Discovered. A stormy scene. The determination to present "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Act III.—The town hall has been converted into a theater for the occasion. Gladys raises a row. Mrs. Steps and Mrs. Proud settle old scores. Ellen makes a show of herself. The performers are guyed by the "audience" and the performance cut short in disgust. The windup of the "Lonelyville Social Club."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

All A Mistake

By W. C. PARKER.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 4 m., 4 f. Time, about 2 h. **Scenes:** Easy to set. Lawn at "Oak Farm" and drawing-room. **Characters:** Capt. Obadiah Skinner, a retired sea captain. Lieut. George Richmond, his nephew, who starts the trouble. Richard Hamilton, a country gentleman. Ferdinand Lighthead, who falls in love doncherknow. Nellie Richmond, George's wife. Nellie Huntington, a friend. Nellie Skinner, antiquated but still looking for a man. Nellie McIntyre, a servant.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The arrival of George and his bride. A friend in need. The old maid and her secret. Ferdy in search of a wife. George's jealousy. The sudden appearance of a most undesirable party. George's quick wit prevents discovery.

Act II.—The plot thickens. Cornelia in search of her "Romeo." The downfall of Ferdy. Richard attempts to try the "soothing system" on a lunatic. George has a scheme connected with a fire in the furnace and some pitch tar. Richard runs amuck amid general confusion.

Act III.—The Captain arms himself with a butcher knife and plans revenge. Nellie hopelessly insane. The comedy duel. "Romeo" at last. "Only one Nellie in the world." The unraveling of a skein of mystery, and the finish of an exciting day, to find it was "All a Mistake."

A Busy Liar

By GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.

Price, 25 Cents

Farce-comedy, 3 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2¼ h. **Scenes:** Easy to set, 1 exterior, 2 interiors. **Characters:** Simeon Meeker, who told one lie. Judge Quakely. Senator Carrollton. Macbeth, a hot-headed Scotchman. Dick, in a matrimonial tangle. William Trott, a recruit. Job Lotts, another one. Mrs. MacFarland, everybody's friend. Tennie, with a mind of her own. Janet, a Scotch lassie. Mrs. Early, a young widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Off to the war. A paternal arrangement of marriage. Janet of the Macbeth clan. Some complications. Meeker and the Widow. A lapse from truth. Meeker made captain. "You are afraid to go." "Afraid? Never!"

Act II.—In camp. Captain Meeker and strict discipline. The Widow, the Judge and the Senator court-martialed. The Widow wins. Another lie and more complications. An infuriated Scotchman. "You held her in your arms." "She is my wife."

Act III.—The ball. "Not military matters, but matrimony." "Another of Meeker's fairy stories." The Captain in kilts. "The funniest thing I ever saw." The Widow untangles a tangle of lies. A lass for every lad. Peace proclaimed. Meeker remains "at the base of supplies."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers

154 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO

On the Little Big Horn

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

Western comedy-drama, 4 acts; 10 m., 4 f. Time, 2½ h. **Scenes:** 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Easy to set. **Characters:** Ludlow, a cavalry officer. Winston, a West Pointer. Carleton, an Indian agent. Graham, commandant of Ft. Winslow. Dakota Dan, a scout. O'Rafferty, an Irish sergeant. War Eagle, a Sioux Indian chief. Hop Sing, a Chinese cook. Hanks, a telegraph operator. Martin, a trooper. Beryl Seymour, the belle of the garrison. Rose-of-the-Mist, a pretty Indian maiden. Sue Graham, a soubrette. Mrs. Spencer, a talkative widow.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The Major's suspicion. Rose reveals a secret. News of the Indian uprising. "This is what love has brought me to." The abduction. A soldier's oath. "To the rescue—then justice."

Act II.—"The Indians are coming." A scared Chinaman. "Savee Hop Sing's pigtail." Rose offers to give herself up to Spotted Face to save the palefaces. The avowal of love. "We will fight and die together." The rescue.

Act III.—A message from the President. The wire is cut. "This is the the work of Carleton." "The testimony is perjured and the documents are forgeries." "I believe you innocent." "You are to be shot at sunrise." Beryl to the rescue. Beryl at the telegraph key. The reprieve.

Act IV.—A scout's experience with a Chinaman. "I love ye, Rose." "We talk to parson." Saved by an accident. "We will surprise mamma and papa." Hop Sing goes on strike. Carleton in disguise returns. "I will kill you and have my revenge." Rose shoots Carleton. The reunion. "It is God's way."

An American Hustler

By WILLIAM S. GILL.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama, 4 acts; 7 m., 4 f. Time, 2½ h. **Scenes:** Laid in Idaho and Chicago. Easy to set, 1 exterior, 3 interiors. **Characters:** Major Bob, editor of the "Eagle's Scream." Rawdon, a gambler. Steve, a young miner in hard luck. Old Joe, a miner who doesn't mine. Duxum, a lawyer. Binks, his clerk. Servant. Amelia, Old Joe's daughter. Priscilla, principal of a young ladies' seminary. Annie, a deserted wife. Mary, the maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In Paradise. The Major says something.
Act II.—Law office in Chicago. The Major learns something.
Act III.—Miss Fagg's Seminary. The Major tells something.
Act IV.—Apartment in Major's house. The Major introduces something.

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The Heiress of Hoetown

By HARRY L. NEWTON AND JOHN PIERRE ROACH.

Price, 25 Cents

A rural comedy, 3 acts; 8 m., 4 f. Time, 2 h. **Scenes:** 2 exteriors. **Characters:** Jimmie Blake, a physical culturist. Jack Wright, a civil engineer. Ezra Stonyboy, the postmaster. Count Picard, waiting at the church. Corporal Cannon, a veteran. White Blackstone, dealer in titles. Congressman Drybottle, a power in politics. Doolittle Much, constable and proprietor of the village hack. Mary Darling, an heiress. Jane Stonyboy, with ideas. Tillie Tung, the village pest.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Borrowing a screen door. Blackstone, a dealer in titles. Mary comes back home. Blackstone wants Jimmie to travel for his health. "One hundred thousand dollars as expense money." "No, I am going to a strawberry festival and that's worth more to me." The lost necklace. The proprietor of the village hack discovers something. "She's a fine gal, she is."

Act II.—The Strawberry Festival. Blackstone schemes a quick marriage. A busy time for Doolittle Much. "Search that man, Constable!" The necklace is found on the wrong man. "Any man caught with no visible means of support can be arrested as a common vag." The Count is "pinched."

Act III.—The siege of Hoetown. The Count works out his fine on the highway. "Shark, you're a liar!" The financial panic and the loss of Mary's money. The Count and Blackstone get "cold feet" and hike for old Broadway. Mary loses her home. "Come on, kid, I've got carfare."

Mirandy's Minstrels

By SOPHIE HUTH PERKINS.

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A Female Minstrel entertainment. A complete ladies' minstrel show, full of novel ideas for costumes, finale, etc. Contains new jokes, gags, cross-fires, monologues and stump speeches. Ending with a most laughable farce, "Mrs. Black's Pink Tea," for 10 female characters, which is a gem of humor. Those that have "put on" female minstrels and know the difficulty of obtaining suitable material, will be delighted with this book. It is highly humorous, yet refined enough for any audience.

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Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid.

Nearly all of these sketches were written for professionals and have been given with great success by vaudeville artists of note. They are essentially dramatic and very funny; up-to-date comedy. They are not recommended for church entertainments; however, they contain nothing that will offend, and are all within the range of amateurs.

DOINGS OF A DUDE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 m., 1 f. Time 20 m. *Scene:* Simple interior. Maizy Von Billion of athletic tendencies is expecting a boxing instructor and has procured Bloody Mike, a prize fighter, to "try him out." Percy Montmorency, her sister's ping pong teacher, is mistaken for the boxing instructor and has a "trying out" that is a surprise. A whirlwind of fun and action.

FRESH TIMOTHY HAY.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 m., 1 f. Time 20 m. *Scene:* Simple rural exterior. By terms of a will, Rose Lark must marry Reed Bird or forfeit a legacy. Rose and Reed have never met and when he arrives Timothy Hay, a fresh farm hand, mistakes him for Pink Eye Pete, a notorious thief. Ludicrous lines and rapid action.

GLICKMAN, THE GLAZIER.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m., 1 f. Time 25 m. *Scene:* Simple interior. Charlotte Russe, an actress, is scored by a dramatic paper. With "blood in her eye" she seeks the critic at the office, finds no one in and smashes a window. Jacob Glickman, a Hebrew glazier, rushes in and is mistaken for the critic. Fun, jokes, gags and action follow with lightning rapidity. A great Jew part.

THE GODDESS OF LOVE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m., 1 f. Time 15 m. *Scene:* Simple exterior. Aphrodite, a Greek goddess, is a statue in the park. According to tradition a gold ring placed upon her finger will bring her to life. Knott Jones, a tramp, who had slept in the park all night, brings her to life. A rare combination of the beautiful and the best of comedy. Novel, easy to produce and a great hit.

HEY, RUBE!—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m. Time 15 m. Reuben Spinach from Yapton visits Chicago for the first time. The way he tells of the sights and what befell him would make a sphinx laugh.

IS IT RAINING?—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m., 1 f. Time 10 m. Otto Swimorebeer, a German, Susan Fairweather, a friend of his. This act runs riot with fun, gags, absurdities and comical lines.

MARRIAGE AND AFTER.—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m. Time about 10 m. A laugh every two seconds on a subject which appeals to all. Full of local hits.

ME AND MY DOWN TRODDEN SEX.—Old maid monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 f. Time 5 m. Polly has lived long enough to gather a few facts about men, which are told in the most laughable manner imaginable.

AN OYSTER STEW.—A rapid-fire talking act, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 2 m. Time 10 m. Dick Tell, a knowing chap. Tom Askit, not so wise. This act is filled to overflowing with lightning cross-fires, pointed puns and hot retorts.

PICKLES FOR TWO.—Dutch rapid-fire talking act, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 2 m. Time 15 m. Hans, a German mixer. Gus, another one. Unique ludicrous Dutch dialect, interspersed with rib-starting witticisms. The style of act made famous by Weber and Field.

THE TROUBLES OF ROZINSKI.—Jew monologue, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 m. Time 15 m. Rozinski, a buttonhole-maker, is forced to join the union and go on a "strike." He has troubles every minute that will tickle the ribs of both Labor and Capital.

WORDS TO THE WISE.—Monologue, by Harry L. Newton; 1 m. Time about 15 m. A typical vaudeville talking act, which is fat with funny lines and rich rare hits that will be remembered and laughed over for weeks.

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For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.		5
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.	1	1
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.		8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr.	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min.	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.		5
Obstinate Family, 40 min.	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.	4	2
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Slasher and Crasher, 50 min.	5	2
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min.	3	3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.		8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2	8
Who Is Who? 40 min.	3	2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.		8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.	7	3

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	
Five Minutes from Yell College, 15 min.	2	
For Reform, 20 min.	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.		1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min.	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2	
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.	5	2
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